

5
Lupul.

Elegiac Stanzas,

WRITTEN

DURING SICKNESS AT BATH,

DECEMBER 1795.

BY

THE REVEREND W. L. BOWLES, A. M.

QUO DESIDERIO VETERES REVOCAMUS AMORES,
ATQUE OLIM AMISSAS FLEMUS AMICITIAS!

CATULLUS.



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M DCC XCVI.

CHARTER 1773

THE FIRST

1773

1773



Elegiac Stanzas.



WHEN I lye musing on my bed alone,
And listen to the wintry waterfall;*
And many moments that are past and gone,
(Moments of sunshine and of joy) recall;

Though the long night is dark and damp around,
And no still star hangs out its friendly flame;
And the winds sweep the fash with fullen sound,
And freezing palsy creeps o'er all my frame;

* The fall of the river, heard from the Parade.

I catch confoling phantafies that fpring
 From the thick gloom, and as the night-airs beat,
 They touch my heart, like the wild wires† that ring,
 In mournful modulations, ftrange and fweet.

Was it the voice of thee, my buried friend?
 Was it the whifper'd vow of faithful love?
 Do I in ***** green fhades thy fteps attend,
 And hear the high pines murmur thus above?

'Twas not thy voice, my buried friend!—O no:
 'Twas not, O *****, the murmur of thy trees;
 But at the thought I feel my bofom glow,
 And woo the dream whose air-drawn fhadows pleafe.

And I can think I fee the groves again,
 The larches that yon peaceful roof embow'r,
 The airy down, the cattle-fpeckl'd plain,
 And the grey funfhine on the village tow'r.

† The Æolian Harp.

And I can think I hear its sabbath chime
 Come smoothly soften'd down the woody vale;
 Or mark on yon lone eminence sublime,
 Fast whirling in the wind, the white mill's sail.

Phantom! that by my bed dost beck'ning glide;
 Spectre of Death! to the damp charnel hie;
 Thy dim pale hand, thy fest'ring visage, hide:
 Thou com'st to say "*I with thy worms shall lie?*"

Thou com'st to say, that my once-vacant mind
 Amid those scenes shall never more rejoice;
 Nor on the day of rest the hoary hind
 Bend o'er his staff, attentive to my voice!

Why thou hast visited that pleasant place,
 Where in this hard world I have happiest been;—
 And shall I tremble at thy hideous mace,
 That hath pierc'd all on which life seem'd to lean?

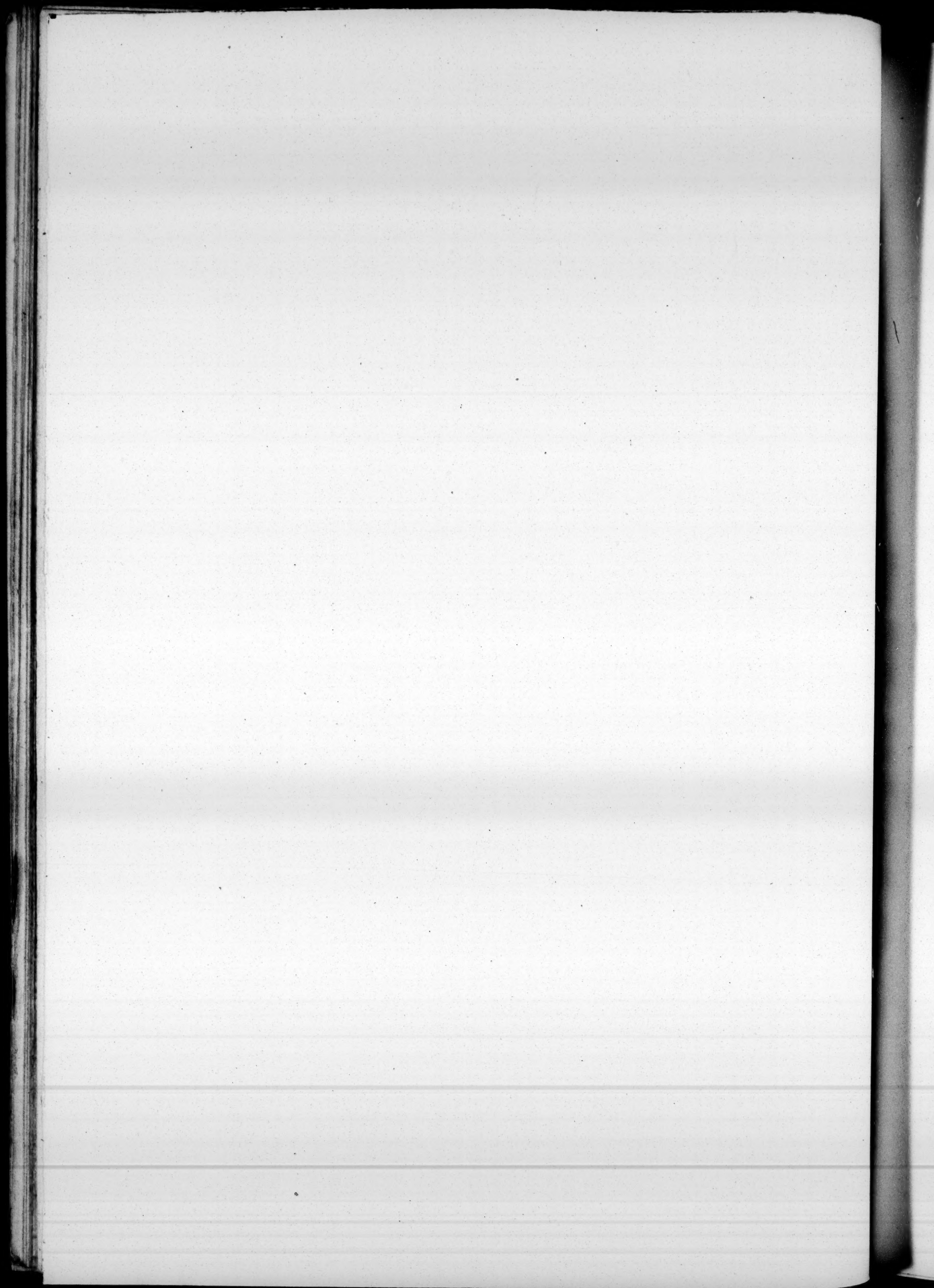
But Hope might whisper,—“ Many a smiling day
And many a cheerful eve might yet be mine,
Ere age's autumn strew my locks with grey,
And weary to the dust my steps decline.”

I argue not:—To thee, O God! I bow,
And to thy Hest; secure, whate'er my lot,
Meek spirit of resign'd Content, that thou
Wilt smoothe my pillow, and forsake me not.

O bland Contentment! who, with pilgrim feet,
Wand'rest from halls of loud, tumultuous joy;
And on the naked down, when the winds beat,
Dost sing to the forsaken shepherd-boy:

Thou art the sick man's nurse, the poor man's friend,
And thro' each change of life thou hast been mine;
In every ill thou canst a comfort blend,
And bid the eye, though sad, in sadness shine.

*Continues
15 leaves further
on.*



[9]

Thee I have met on *Cherwell's* willow'd fide;
 And when our destin'd road far onward lay,
 Thee I have found, whatever chance betide,
 The kind companion of my devious way.

With thee, unwearied have I lov'd to roam,
 By the smooth-flowing *Scheld*, or rushing *Rhine*;
 And thou hast gladden'd my sequester'd home,
 And hung my peaceful porch with eglantine.

When cares and crosses my tir'd spirits tried,
 When to the dust my Father I resign'd;
 Amidst the quiet shade unseen I figh'd,
 And, blest with thee, forgot a world unkind.

Ev'n now, while toiling through the sleepless night,
 A tearful look to distant scenes I cast,
 And the glad objects that once charm'd my sight
 Remember, like soft views of fairie past,

I see thee come half-smiling to my bed,
 With Fortitude more awfully severe,
 Whose arm sustaining holds my drooping head,
 Who dries with her dark locks the tender tear.

O firmer spirit! on some craggy height
 Who, when the tempest fails aloft, dost stand,
 And hear'st the ceaseless billows of the night
 Rolling dark on the solitary strand;

At this sad hour, when no harsh thoughts intrude
 To mar the melancholy mind's repose,
 When I am left to night and solitude,
 And languid life seems verging to its close;

O let me thy pervading influence feel!
 Be every weak and wayward thought repress'd!
 And hide thou, as with plates of coldest steel,
 The faded aspect, and the throbbing breast.

Silent the motley pageant may retreat,
And vain mortality's brief scenes remove;
Yet let my bosom, whilst with life it beat,
Breathe a kind prayer for all on earth I love.

Slow-pining pain weighs down my heavy eye,
A chiller faintness steals upon my breast;
"O gentle Muse, with some sweet lullaby,"*
Rock me in long forgetfulness to rest!

* See Dr. HARRINGTON's exquisite air to the words:

"Come, gentle Muse, lull me to sleep
"With some sweet harmony!"







ON LEAVING

WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1782.

THE spring shall visit thee again,
And many a blackbird's early strain,
Itchin! be heard along thy rushy shore;
And yonder battlements,* that throw
Their shadow on thy stream below,
Shall wear green sprays, that deck their arches hoar.

But I, amidst the youthful train
That stray at ev'ning by thy side,
No longer shall a guest remain
To mark the spring's reviving pride.—

* St. Croix.

I go not unrejoicing: but who knows,
 O World! when I have fhar'd thy many woes,
 Returning I may drop some natural tears;
 When these fame fields I look around,
 And hear from yonder dome* the due bell found,
 And think upon the joys that crown'd my stripling years!

* The Cathedral.



